

NOVEMBER

10¢

TERRIFIC

COMICS





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

10 POWER TELESCOPE

Here's The Only FULL 10-POWER Telescope At This Price In America Today
It's Precision Built! Makes Far Away Objects Stand Out Clear—Sharp—BIG AS LIFE!

Here's the only full 10-POWER Telescope being offered in America today at the unheard-of low price of only 98c. Easily the most outstanding telescope value you'll find anywhere. You'd expect to pay up to \$10.00 and more for such power. And anyone who knows telescopes will tell you a good 10-Power telescope is worth all of that. But now, due to a fortunate purchase, we are able to offer you this 10-POWER Precision-built Telescope at a sensational bargain. Don't confuse it with small "weak-vision" telescopes. This one is high-powered and measures a full 16 inches. The lenses are of fine optically-ground polished glass—a product of one of America's leading optical houses. The case is durable and extends easily. Focuses instantly on stationary or moving objects—bring them 10 times closer. With the country at war, everybody needs a telescope like this—to spot airplanes, to identify distant objects, to bring into sharp, easy vision people, animals, signs, houses—things may be beyond the range of the naked eye. Valuable to Air Wardens, Boy Scouts, Sailors, Sportsmen. Ideal for fights, ball games, races, outdoor events. However, hurry! There's no telling how long we can continue to supply this precision-built 10-POWER Telescope at this amazingly low price. Once our present limited supply is gone, we cannot repeat this offer again.

CLIP COUPON BELOW and MAIL TODAY!

Just clip the coupon to the left below and mail with only 98c (plus 10c for the packing and postage). If you want two telescopes send only \$1.79 plus 10c. You take no risk. Use the telescope for 10 full days. Focus it on objects miles away. Have your friends try it. Convince yourself that here is a telescope anyone would be thrilled to have—one you'll be proud to own. If after 10 days' trial you're not positively delighted with the way this powerful telescope helps you to see great distances, we ask you to return it without delay and we will refund your money in full, no questions asked. Remember, the supply is limited—so hurry!

Only
98¢

FREE!



Rush the above order coupon at once and we will also include FREE a valuable Airplane Spotter's Chart showing 31 Allied and Axis planes. Helps you to easily identify these planes.

**MEASURES
 FULL
 16 INCHES
 IN LENGTH**

**BRINGS
 OBJECTS
 10 TIMES
 CLOSER**



Mail This **NO-RISK COUPON Today!**

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
 500 N. Dearborn Street DEPT. 347
 Chicago 10, Illinois**

Gentlemen: I enclose 98c plus 10c for the packing and postage. Please rush me your 10-POWER Telescope with Free Airplane Spotter's Chart, all postage charges prepaid. It is understood that I can use this Telescope for 10 full days at NO-RISK. If then, I am not 100% satisfied I may return the telescope to you within that time and you are to refund my money in full.

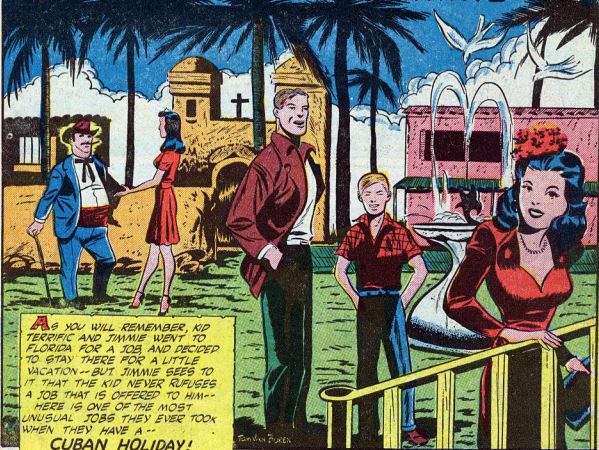
Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.79 plus 10c for the packing and postage. Please send me two 10-Power telescopes all prepaid on your money back guarantee.

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Kid TERRIFIC

and JIMMIE



AS YOU WILL REMEMBER, KID TERRIFIC AND JIMMIE WENT TO FLORIDA FOR A JOB AND DECIDED TO STAY THERE FOR A LITTLE VACATION--BUT JIMMIE SEES TO IT THAT THE KID NEVER REFUSES A JOB THAT IS OFFERED TO HIM--HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL JOBS THEY EVER TOOK WHEN THEY HAVE A--

CUBAN HOLIDAY!

Tom Van Duren

OUR STORY OPENS IN A SMALL BOARDING HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MIAMI--

WE GOTTA START MOVIN' AGAIN, KID--OUR MONEY'S GETTIN' LOW!

YEAH--

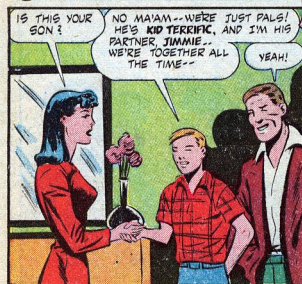
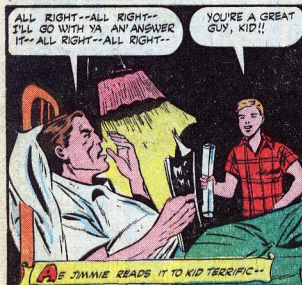
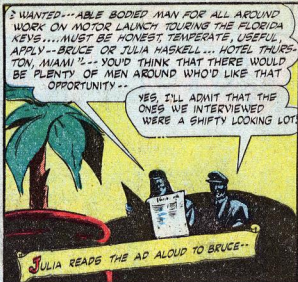
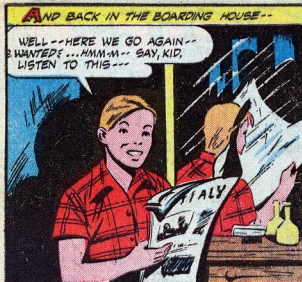


AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN A WELL KNOWN MIAMI HOTEL--

OH, BRUCE--I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO--I CAN'T SEEM TO TRUST ANY OF THOSE MEN WHO APPLIED FOR THE JOB!

WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP TRYING, JULIE--THAT'S ALL!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING--AND THE HASKELL LAUNCH IS WELL INTO THE GULF--

BOY!! IS **THIS** THE LIFE--

I HOPE THIS TRIP TAKES A LONG, LONG TIME--

HELLO, FELLOWS!



WE'RE HEADING FOR HAVANA FIRST--WE HAVE SOME BUSINESS THERE--

I WAS THERE ONCE-- I FOUGHT ARTURO HABENEZ FIFTEEN ROUNDS -- HE WAS ONE TOUGH EGG!

HAVANA? GOSH!

HELLO EVERYONE!



HELLO, MISS HASKELL

WHILE THE NAUTILUS IS BEING CHECKED OVER IN HAVANA, WE'LL BE VISITING FRIENDS, SO YOU BOTH CAN TAKE TOMORROW OFF AND LOOK THE TOWN OVER!

SWELL! THANKS, MR. HASKELL!



THE NEXT DAY, OUR TWO PUNCHING FALS WALK ALONG ONE OF HAVANA'S PICTURESQUE SIDE STREETS--

IT SURE IS HOT-- I'D LIKE SOMETHIN' TO DRINK, KID--

ME TOO-- LET'S GO IN HERE--



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

LIKE IT? IT'S A CUBAN SOFT DRINK--

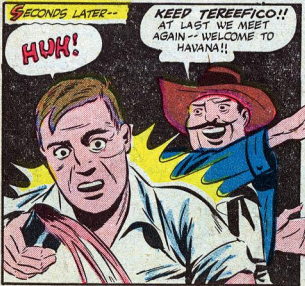
HEY--SOMEONE'S COMING-- HE SEEMS TO KNOW YOU, KID!



SECONDS LATER--

HUK!

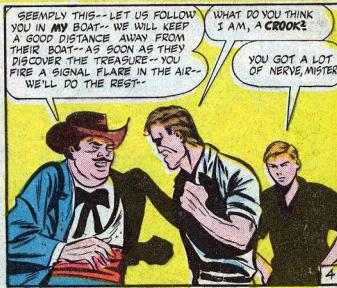
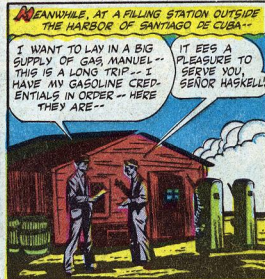
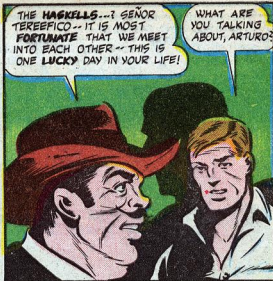
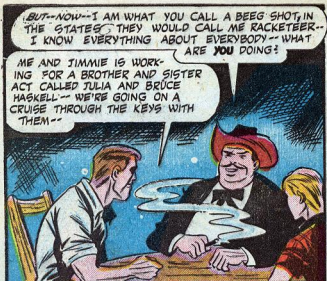
KEEP TEREFFICO!!
AT LAST WE MEET AGAIN-- WELCOME TO HAVANA!!



ARTURO HABENEZ!! THE GUY I WENT FIFTEEN ROUNDS WITH! HOW ARE YA, YA OLD POT BELLED HORSE??

MY FRANN'D, KEEP TEREFFIC-- WHAT A BOX FIGHTER YOU WERE IN YOUR DAY! AH, SENOR TEREFFIC, THOSE WERE THE DAYS!



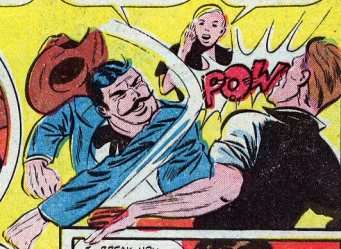
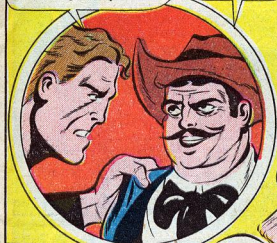


I ALWAYS FIGGERED YOU'D
TURN OUT CROOKED!! WHY I
OUGHT TO BUST YOU RIGHT
IN THE MOUTH--!

SOO-O!! YOU
STEEL WANT
TO FIGHT, EH?

YOU WANT TO FIGHT--
I GEEVE YOU PLENTY
FIGHT--!

C'MON, KID!! HE
CAN'T DO THIS
TO YOU!!



THAT'S RIGHT, JIM--
BUT HE DID!

CARRAMBA!!

I BREAK YOU
IN TWO FOR THEES,
TEREEFICO!!

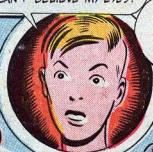
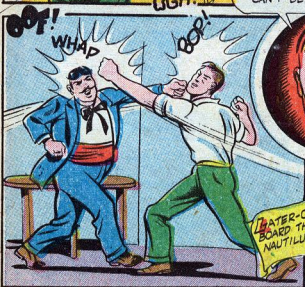
SAVE YOUR
BREATH, CHUM,
YOU'LL NEED
IT!!

THE ENRAGED
ARTURO SCRAMBLES
TO HIS FEET,
AND RUSHES
AT
KID TERRIFIC!



THEY KNOCKED EACH
OTHER OUT!! GOSH!! I
CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES!

LIGH!!



WHAT
HAPPENED--?
BRAWLING
WITH HAVANA'S
RIFFRAFF?

THAT'S RIGHT--
I HADDA GET
KID TERRIFIC
OUT OF THE
JOINT BEFORE
THE COPS
CAME!

NAW-- JUST A
FRIENDLY FIGHT--
IT ENDED IN A
DRAW!

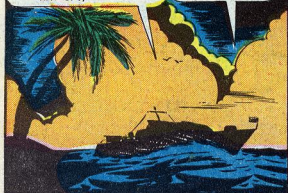
WATER-ON
BOARD THE
NAUTILUS



THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AND THE NAUTILUS IS UNDER WAY AGAIN....

IMAGINE THAT HABENEZ PUG WANTIN' ME TO TURN CROOKED-- I SHOULDA WENT BACK AND REALLY MESSED HIM UP!!

I WONDER IF THAT YARN ABOUT BURIED TREASURE IS ON THE LEVEL, KID?



LISTEN, JIMMIE... WHATEVER THESE HASKELL FOLKS ARE DOIN': AS LONG AS IT'S HONEST, IS NONE OF OUR BUSINESS-- WE AGREED TO WORK FOR A PRICE AND THAT'S ALL WE DO-- I DON'T LIKE GUYS WHO DOUBLE CROSS THEIR BOSS-- IT AIN'T SQUARE--

YEAH-- YOU'RE RIGHT, KID--



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

I EXPECT TO REACH HERE - BY TOMORROW AFTERNOON-- I'M PLANNING TO STORE SOME GASOLINE ON THIS ISLAND AND USE IT AS A FUELING STATION, SO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP TONIGHT, WE'VE GOT PLENTY TO DO TOMORROW--

YOU BET, MR. HASKELL!!



HELLO, BOYS-- BRUCE WANTS TO SEE YOU-- HE'S IN HIS CABIN--

RIGHT, MISS HASKELL!



THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON--

OVER HERE, FELLOWS, THESE TREES WILL CONCEAL IT-- THIS ISLAND IS SO FAR OFF THE SHIP LANES, NO ONE WILL TOUCH IT--

WHEW-- THESE THINGS ARE HEAVY--

THERE SURE ARE A LOT OF 'EM--!!

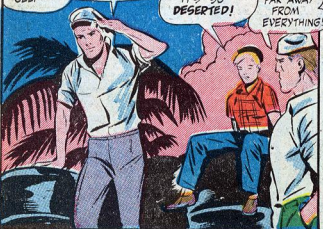


SEVERAL HOURS LATER--

WELL -- THAT'S THAT!! LET'S HEAD BACK OUT TO THE GULF---

I HOPE YOU WILL REMEMBER THIS PLACE, MR. HASKELL, IT'S SO DESERTED!

IT SURE IS FAR AWAY FROM EVERYTHING!



THAT NIGHT--

THIS SURE IS THE LIFE, JIMMIE-- I WONDER WHERE WE ARE HEADIN' NOW?

WHO CARES? THESE HASKELL FOLKS ARE SURE NICE, AND THEY CERTAINLY TREAT US SWELL--



MEANWHILE IN THE NAUTILUS CABIN--

I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU STORED ALL THAT GASOLINE-- SUPPOSING WE RUN OUT?

OUR OBJECT IS TO GET THE TREASURE, ISN'T IT? WHY CARRY THAT HEAVY LOAD ALL THROUGH THE KEYS-- I'LL WANT THE GAS ON THE WAY BACK--!



WHO KNOWS? ONE OF MY AMIGOS SAY HE FINDS EET IN A VERY OLD BOOK STALL IN HAVANA-- WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND EES WHY HE STORED ALL THAT GASOLINE ON THAT LEELE ISLAND-- EET IS VERY ODD--

HE WOULD BE VERY SORRY IF HE KNEW WE WERE WATCHING HIM THROUGH OUR BINOCULARS..



AND NOT SO MANY MILES AWAY, ANOTHER CONVERSATION IS TAKING PLACE---

THAT KEEP TEREFFIC WEEL BE SORRY FOR HIMSELF-- ESPECIALLY AFTER WE LET SENOR HASKELL LEAD US TO THE TREASURE--

WHERE DID THIS SENOR HASKELL GET THEES LA FITTE TREASURE MAP, ARTURO?



SUDDENLY--

LOOK!! ARTURO!! A SIGNAL FLARE THAT MEANS SENOR TEREFFIC EES PLAYING BALL WITH US-- LET US GO--

NO--NO-- I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THEES-- LET'S CRUISE ALONG SLOW AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS--



AND ON THE NAUTILUS....

BRUCE, WHY DID YOU FIRE THAT FLARE GUN--??

JUST TESTING IT, JULIE-- IT'S A NEW GUN, AND I FELT LIKE TRYING IT OUT--

HEY!! THERE'S ANOTHER FLARE OUT THERE!



AND A PUZZLED ARTURO TAKES THIS ALL IN--

ANOTHER FLARE, FROM ANOTHER BOAT-- AH-HA-- I THEENK I BEGIN TO SEE THROUGH SENOR HASKELL'S PLAN-- I FEEEX THEM ALL UP-- QUEEK!!

THEES IS THE CRAZIEST THING I EVER SAW--



NOTHING MORE IS SAID OF THE INCIDENT THAT NIGHT...AND IN THE MORNING, THE NAUTILUS IS TIED UP NEAR A TINY ISLAND....

I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE TO YOU FELLOWS--I'M DOWN HERE TO LOOK FOR BURIED TREASURE-- I HAVE THE MAP RIGHT HERE, SO START DIGGING! THERE'S AN EXTRA BONUS IN IT FOR YOU BOTH--!

BURIED TREASURE!
HERE WE COME!

GEE!! THAT'S SWELL! C'MON, KID!



A HALF HOUR OF CAREFUL DIGGING AT A DESIGNATED SPOT--AND THEN--

YAHOO!! THIS IS IT!

AND IS IT HEAVY!!

EASY DOES IT, FELLOWS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER--

SILVER--AND PLENTY OF IT...!

OH, BRUCE! I'M SO GLAD!!

I WONDER WHO PUT IT THERE?



SUDDENLY TWO FIGURES BREAK THROUGH THE BUSHES--

I'LL TELL YOU WHO PUT IT THERE, MI AMIGOS-- THE JAPANESES PUT IT THERE!!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

ARTURO! YOU AGAIN?



YOU SMART MAN, HASKELL! BUT ARTURO IS A LITTLE SMARTER--YOU BRING DOWN A LOT OF GASOLINE, STORE IT ON ISLAND--LATER A JAPANESE SUBMARINE COMES IN, REFUELS, GOES AWAY--YOU GIVE SIGNAL, THEY ANSWER--THEY LEAVE THIS MONEY FOR YOU--EVERYONE THINKS YOU FIND TREASURE--NO ONE WILL SUSPECT YOU, EHR

YOU CRAZY FOOL! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!



YOU KILL NO ONE!!

SO SORRY, I HAVE TO BREAK UP ZE LITTLE PARTY--BUT I NO LIE, KEEP TEREFFIC! I WILL BRING EVERYONE BACK TO HAVANA, AND PROVE WHAT I SAY-- I GET REWARD, AND BECOME A FAMOUS PATRIOTIC FELLOW, EH?

IT'S LUCKY YOU GOT A GUN!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, BACK IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL--

BOY! THAT SURE WAS THE MOST SURPRISING THING I EVER HEARD OF!

YEAH--I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR HIS SISTER!

SO--EET IS ALL A PART OF LIFE! SAY, KID TEREFFIC, WHY DON'T YOU STAY IN HAVANA--MAYBE WE GET CHANCE TO FINISH OUR BIG FIGHT, EH??



YES, SIR! KID TERRIFIC AND HIS PAL, JIMMY, MIGHT STAY IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL FOR AWHILE! ...

LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM IN THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE OF

TERRIFIC COMICS

THE 12TH JUROR



GENTLEMEN OF
THE JURY, I WILL
PROVE THAT MY
CLIENT IS INNOCENT!
-I ASK YOU ONLY
TO EXAMINE THE
FACTS BEFORE
YOU ARRIVE AT
A VERDICT!

*The MURDER
TRIAL OF BIG JOE RYAN,
ACCUSED CRIME OVERLORD!*

OYEZ! OYEZ!
-THE COURT IS
NOW IN SESSION!

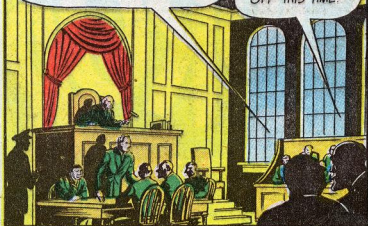
Nina
Albright

THAT'S HARRIS BAILEY, THE DEFENSE LAWYER! HE'S THE SHREWDEST CRIMINAL LAWYER IN THE CITY!

HE'S A **CROOK**! BUT HE WON'T GET JOE RYAN OFF THIS TIME!

BUT HARRIS BAILEY IS NOT IN THE LEAST DISTURBED BY THE COMMENTS IN THE COURTROOM!

AS FIRST DEFENSE WITNESS I CALL ON DETECTIVE TOM NOLAN!



HARRIS BAILEY'S CHOICE CREATES A SENSATION! FOR DETECTIVE NOLAN ALREADY HAS TESTIFIED AGAINST HIS CLIENT!

DETECTIVE NOLAN, YOU WERE PRESENT AT THE SCENE OF THE ALLEGED CRIME? - DID YOU SEE MY CLIENT, JOE RYAN?

I DID! HE WAS WITH THE GANG THAT ROBBED FLATO'S DEPARTMENT STORE!



"THEY WERE INSIDE THE OFFICE WORKING ON THE SAFE, WHEN ONE OF THEM ACCIDENTALLY SETS OFF THE ALARM!"



YOU FOOLS! NOW THE COPS WILL BE AFTER US!

"WE RAN BIG JOE RYAN TO GROUND IN AN ALLEYWAY! HE WAS TRAPPED LIKE THE RAT HE IS!"



YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE! - I'LL KILL THE FIRST GUY THAT COMES IN AFTER ME!

BUT HE WASN'T EXPECTING ME TO DROP IN FROM ABOVE! I LANDED ON HIM LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!"



"MY PAL, TIMOTHY MAGUIRE, SPOTTED THEM FIRST! WE SET OUT AFTER THEM AND THEY STARTED SHOOTING!"



THE DIRTY RATS! - THEY GOT ME!

"I DIDN'T KNOW THEN THAT HIS SHOT KILLED TIM MAGUIRE OR I'D HAVE HIT HIM A LOT HARDER THAN I DID!"



OKAY, COPPER! YOU GOT ME! BUT NO JAIL WILL HOLD ME! NOT WHILE I GOT A LAWYER LIKE HARRIS BAILEY!



NOLAN'S TESTIMONY STANDS UP UNDER A STEADY CROSSFIRE OF QUESTIONS!

THAT'S ALL, NOLAN!



"THAT'S WHAT HE SAID TO ME, BUT I'LL SEE HIM GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM YET!"

RYAN, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THE TRUTH! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH NOLAN'S TESTIMONY WILL SEND YOU TO THE CHAIR!

WHAT?



QUIET! I NEVER LOST A CLIENT TO THE CHAIR YET! NOW, HERE'S WHAT I PLAN TO DO... BZZ... BZZ...



NIGHT...AND HARRIS BAILEY IS ON A STRANGE MISSION. SLOWLY HE LOWERS A ROPE OVER A ROOF EDGE!

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO?

THE JURORS' WINDOWS ARE DOWN BELOW US! THE WINDOW OF JUROR NUMBER TWELVE, A MAN NAMED HOCKLEY, IS THE ONE I WANT!



INSIDE THE ROOM, HOCKLEY AT LAST WANDERS CLOSE TO THE WINDOW!

GOSH! I WONDER WHAT THAT ROPE IS DOING OUT THERE! THAT COULD ALMOST BE A NOTE ATTACHED!







THE JURY IS FILING OUT!

OKAY! WE'LL BE THERE!

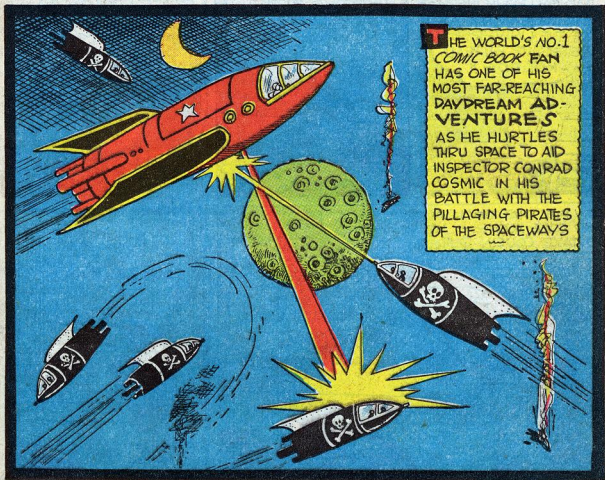


LATER, HARRIS BAILEY AND TWO OF RYAN'S HENCHMEN AWAIT THE COMING OF JUROR NUMBER TWELVE!



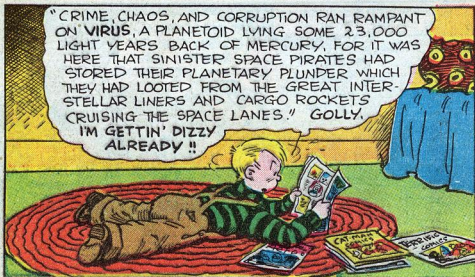


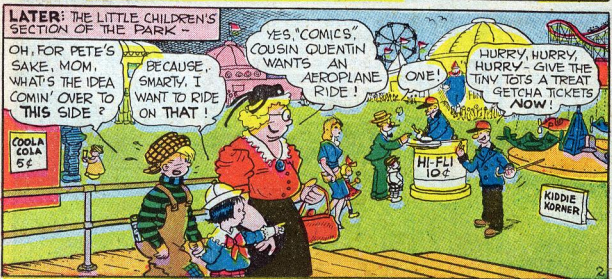
"COMICS" M'CORMICK BY Ed Wheeler



THE WORLD'S NO.1 COMIC BOOK FAN HAS ONE OF HIS MOST FAR-REACHING DAYDREAM ADVENTURES AS HE HURTLES THRU SPACE TO AID INSPECTOR CONRAD COSMIC IN HIS BATTLE WITH THE PILLAGING PIRATES OF THE SPACEWAYS

OH, BOY, SATURDAY MORNING ... NO SCHOOL ... NO HOME-WORK ... NOT A THING IN THE WORLD TO DISTURB OUR YOUNG HERO WHO IS NOW DEEP IN THE PAGES OF A NEW COMIC BOOK.

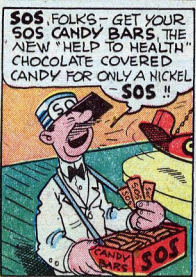
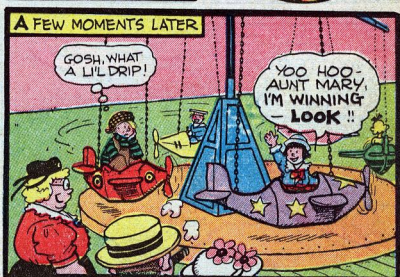




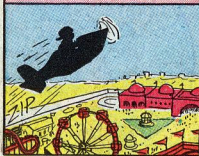
AW, THAT SISSY THING.
MOM - I DON'T WANT A
RIDE ON THAT - IT'S
ONLY FOR LI'L KIDS
AN' BABIES
!!!

NOW, "COMICS", DON'T BE
MEAN - WE'RE HERE
TO SHOW DEAR COUSIN
QUENTIN A HAPPY TIME.
AND HE SAYS HE WANTS
TO RIDE ON THE
"HI-FLI"!

YES, AUNTIE, AND I
WANT "COMICS" TO
RIDE, TOO, ONLY I
WANT TO BE ON THE
AEROPLANE, AHEAD
OF HIM, SO'S I CAN
BEAT HIM - COME
ON, GET THE
TICKETS!



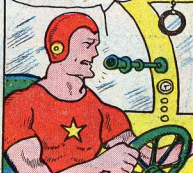
INSTANTLY RECOGNIZING INSPECTOR COSMIC'S DISTRESS SIGNAL, "COMICS" PRESSES A SECRET SPRING WHICH RELEASES HIS TINY PLANE, AND HE ZOOMS UP OVER THE PARK -



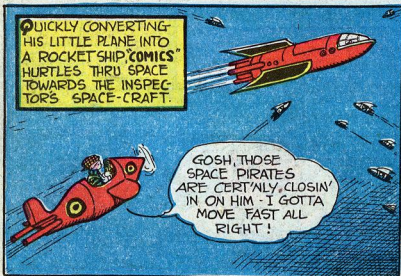
CALLIN' INSPECTOR COSMIC... "COMICS" MCCORMICK CALLIN' INSPECTOR COSMIC... AM COMIN' TO RESCUE GIVE SPACE ROUTE !



NICE WORK, "COMICS"... NEED **YOU** BADLY... TAKE STRATHOSPHERE CONCOURSE, ROUTE 9, TO SATELLITE HIGHWAY... THEN TURN LEFT ON SPACE LANE K ... THAT IS ALL !

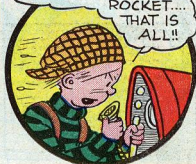


QUICKLY CONVERTING HIS LITTLE PLANE INTO A ROCKETSHIP, "COMICS" HURTTLES THRU SPACE TOWARDS THE INSPECTOR'S SPACE-CRAFT.



GOSH, THOSE SPACE PIRATES ARE CERTAINLY CLOSIN' IN ON HIM - I GOTTA MOVE FAST ALL RIGHT !

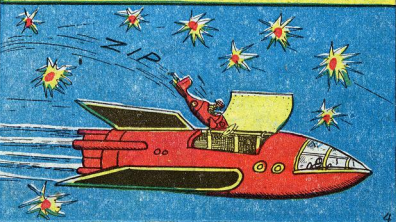
MCCORMICK SPEAKIN'... THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE, INSPECTOR ... OPEN AUTOMATIC HATCH... SLOW DOWN TO 5000 MILES A SECOND AN' STAND BY TO RECEIVE ROCKET.... THAT IS ALL!!



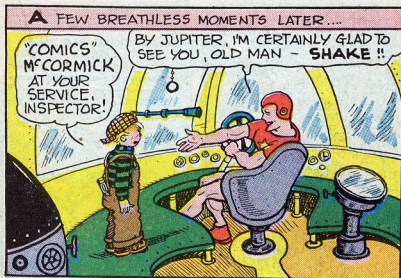
OKAY, FELLA... AM PULLING RELEASE CHAIN NOW... LOOK OUT FOR PIRATES... THEY'LL DO THEIR BEST TO STOP YOU !



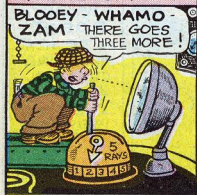
WITH UNCANNY SKILL AND ACCURACY, IN SPITE OF THE ELECTRONIC RAYS FLAK AND ACK-ACK "COMICS" NOSES HIS TINY SHIP INTO THE OPEN HATCH -



A FEW BREATHLESS MOMENTS LATER...



MEANWHILE "COMICS" CONTINUES HIS SUCCESSFUL OPERATIONS WITH THE AID OF THE SPACE-O-SCOPE AND THE VARIOUS RAYS -

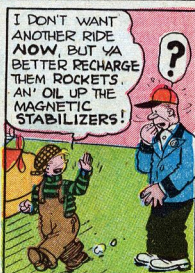
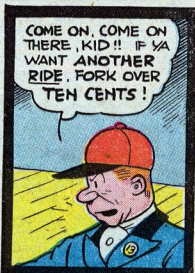
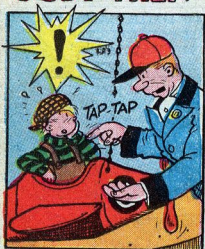


FINALLY THE LAST PIRATE CRAFT IS BLASTED INTO ETERNITY -





JUST THEN



Molly O'Moore

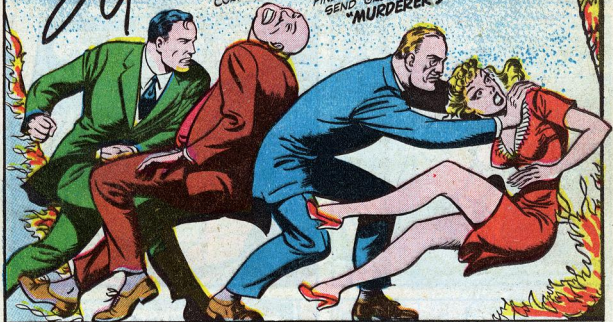
and 'SCOOP' SCANLON

Season's Greetings

FROM DEATH!

THIS WAS THE GRIM MEANING BEHIND THE GREETING CARD MURDERS! WHAT DIABOLIC PLAN OF SABOTAGE WAS HIDDEN IN THE CHEERFUL MESSAGE WHOSE ARRIVAL MEANT SEARING AGONY AND A CHARGED TO GRIPS WITH A MENACING MYSTERY TO FIND OUT THAT IT'S ALWAYS PROPER TO SEND GREETINGS WHEN IT IS--

"MURDERER'S HOLIDAY!"



MOLLY O'MOORE IS SUMMONED TO THE CITY EDITOR'S OFFICE, OF THE "WORLD STAR"

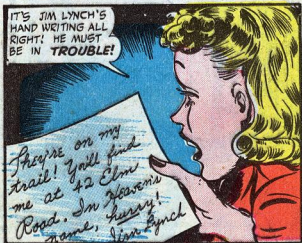
THIS NOTE JUST ARRIVED! FROM JIM LYNCH, MOLLY-- SEE WHAT YOU CAN MAKE OF IT--

JIM LYNCH? YOU MEAN OUR RE-PORTER?

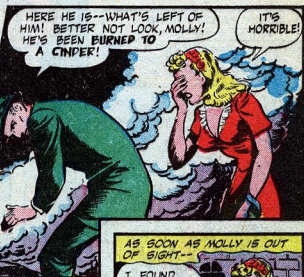
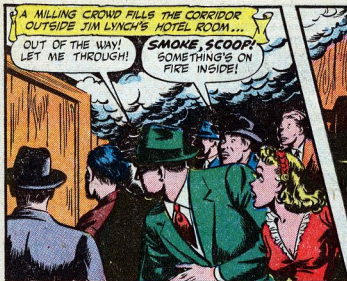


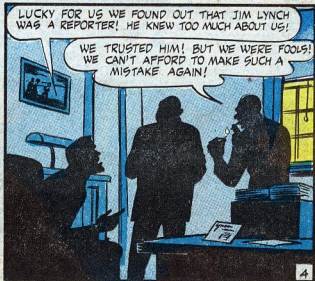
IT'S JIM LYNCH'S HAND WRITING ALL RIGHT! HE MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

They're on my trail! You'll find me at 42 Elm Road. In Heaven's name, hurry! Jim Lynch











THEY'RE THE MEN WHO
KILLED JIM LYNCH! THAT
MEANS THEY BELONG TO
THE SABOTAGE GANG TOO!



SUDDENLY--

YOU'RE THROUGH
SNOOPING!

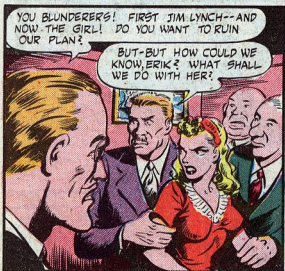
MFFFF!



ERIK! YOU'RE
BACK!

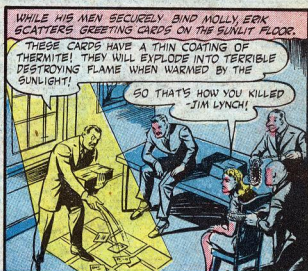
BUT WHO IS THE GIRL ??

I FOUND HER LISTENING
OUTSIDE
THE DOOR!



YOU BLUNDERER'S! FIRST JIM LYNCH--AND
NOW THE GIRL! DO YOU WANT TO RUIN
OUR PLAN?

BUT-BUT HOW COULD WE
KNOW, ERIK? WHAT SHALL
WE DO WITH HER?



WHILE HIS MEN SECURELY BIND MOLLY, ERIK
SCATTERS GREETING CARDS ON THE SUNLIT FLOOR.

THESE CARDS HAVE A THIN COATING OF
THERMITE! THEY WILL EXPLODE INTO TERRIBLE
DESTROYING FLAME WHEN WARMED BY THE
SUNLIGHT!

SO THAT'S HOW YOU KILLED
-JIM LYNCH!

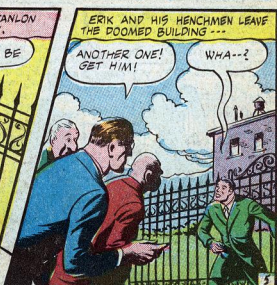


EXACTLY! THE WARMTH
OF HIS FINGERS SET
FIRE TO THE CARD! THAT
IS WHY I WEAR GLOVES--
THERMITE BURNS SO FIERCE-
LY THAT IT WILL KILL ANY-
ONE NEAR IT--AS YOU
WILL SOON DISCOVER!



MEANWHILE SCOOP SCANLON
IS FOLLOWING MOLLY.

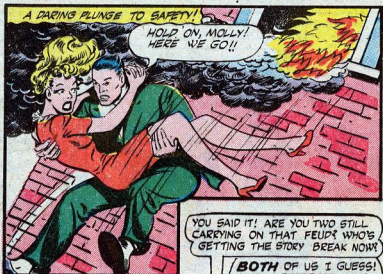
I'LL BET MOLLY WILL BE
SURPRISED
TO SEE ME!



ERIK AND HIS HENCHMEN LEAVE
THE DOOMED BUILDING ---

ANOTHER ONE!
GET HIM!

WHA--?



YOU SAID IT! ARE YOU TWO STILL CARRYING ON THAT FEUD? WHO'S GETTING THE STORY BREAK NOW?

BOTH OF US I GUESS! WHEN A REPORTER LIKE JIM LYNCH DIES IN ACTION, IT'S TIME TO SHARE THE NEWS THAT HE WAS A REAL HERO!




ANOTHER PUNCH PACKED ADVENTURE STARRING MOLLY O'MOORE and SCOOP SCANLON APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TERRIFIC COMICS



"TURN the WHEEL!"

A Nat Greene Mystery



"Gambling," Nat Greene said to me, "has fascinated plenty of people. But, if these people were aware of the ODDS involved in winning or losing, they'd think twice before they put their money on the turn of a wheel, or the flick of a playing card."

I settled back in my comfortable chair. I knew that the great detective was ready to tell a story, and I was more than anxious to be a good listener. The stories he told, were reminiscent of a fabulous era, completely gone, never to return, when he fought crime and criminals with a vengeance never equalled in the life of a private investigator. Now, in the evening of his life, he had picked me, Miles Marks, as a chronicler of his adventures, and much more important—his friend.

"But Nat," I ventured, "most people who gamble are fully AWARE of the odds. At least they THINK so. And if they lose—" here I shrugged my shoulders—"they accept it with a peculiar type of reaction—as if winning and losing were the SAME thing."

Nat smiled, and started to fill his favorite pipe.

"That's true, Miles," he said. "Quite true. Gambling is a luxury. And the winner is just about as bad off as the loser in that respect. The money they gain through gambling certainly isn't money that represents value for services. It's only a handful of greenbacks flung at you by Lady Luck for YOUR particular role in the play SHE is currently producing. But—I mean FURTHER than that . . . it brings to my mind a little episode that happened quite a number of years ago. It was one of the few dealings I had with gambling and gamblers . . . and I learned quite a bit. Would you care about it . . . ?"

I smiled. Would a duck swim . . . ?

"Of course, Nat," I answered. "Get on with it. I'm MORE than interested."

"About fifteen years ago," began Nat, "I was sent a telegram. In it, was a handsome retainer fee, and instructions for me to call a certain Mr. Laurie at a certain hour one night. I phoned him, and he asked me to come to his home to discuss a little problem he had on his mind. I went. It was a beautiful house in the East Fifties, that bespoke elegance, class, and wealth. Mr. Laurie turned out to be a little intelligent man with a sensible outlook on life concerning his son. . . ."

"His son . . . ?" I echoed. "Surely you're not referring to Lamont Laurie, of the BILLIONAIRE Laurie family . . . ?"

"The very same," he nodded. "Of course, he was only a youngster then. As wild as they come. Plenty of money. Everything he wanted. He was sitting on top of the world—

and it worried his father."

"Why . . . ?" I asked.

"Because," went on Nat, "the old man wanted this boy Lamont to inherit and control the destinies of the Laurie enterprises some day. And at the rate that this boy was going, with his GAMBLING, it would NEVER come to pass. Therefore, he engaged me to help straighten this distressing situation out."

The great sleuth relit his pipe which had gone out, and poured two glasses of his fine imported sherry, of which he was very fond.

"Miles," he said, "I've always flattered myself that I was able to get along with ANY type of human being—provided that they had intelligence, and were willing to co-operate in any endeavor that was designed for their own GOOD. I found Lamont Laurie to be a personable young man who, instead of resenting the action of his father to curb him from his wastrel ways, actually WELCOMED my presence, and did his best to show ME where I was wrong—how do you like that . . . ?"

"You mean," I asked, "that young Laurie was so sold on you, that he was going to make you ENJOY gambling with him as a pastime . . . ?"

"Something like that," Nat nodded, "but it was far more significant than what appeared on the surface. These wealthy young men, when they're smart, they're REALLY smart, and I didn't even know how to begin in my discussions with him of the follies of gambling."

"Why, Mr. Green," he'd say. 'What does it all amount to . . . ? I'm having fun, and surely my father has enough money to have me do ANYTHING I please for the rest of my life without even making a dent in his bank-roll.'"

"Patiently I would tell him that it WASN'T the MONEY involved — it was the breaking down of his CHARACTER that his father was concerned with, because of his association with these gambling people who were PROFESSIONALS—who use it as a source of income. THAT'S what I was trying to put across to him. The money meant nothing. The PRINCIPLE was the thing."

"He laughed, long and loud. Then he said. 'Tell you what, Mr. Greene—suppose you come with me tonight, and MEET the people whom I associate with in this so called HORRIBLE vice I'm addicted to. Tonight, I'll take you to the MIDNIGHT CLUB, and you'll see for yourself. . . .'"

Nat paused to smile and shake his hand in that characteristic way of his.

"Miles," he said. "I was astounded. . . ."

"At the people because they were a fun-loving bunch of spendthrifts?" I asked.

The detective shook his head, sadly. "No,"



he answered, "because they were being taken over by the smartest bunch of crooked gamblers it was ever my luck to get tangled up with. This Midnight Club specialized mostly in roulette, although they had every conceivable type of gambling equipment known going in full operation. The wheels were crooked. That I was positive of. But, how to prove it — how could I convince young Laurie that all this manufactured gaiety was nothing but the nucleus for a source of revenue for underworld activities . . . ?"

"Laurie was convinced all right that these well meaning gambling operators were in this business to help wealthy young men pass away a few hours and get a kick out of it. He was also convinced that he had a 'system' for playing the roulette wheel.

"Just double up," he would say, "and KEEP doubling, until you make a hit. You can't lose, and when you win get ALL you lost on the previous spin. PLUS DOUBLE again . . . simple. Isn't it . . . ?"

"Lamont," I told him. "There is NO system of gambling. Look—I'll give you an example. Supposing I take a box containing three white marbles and three black ones. There's a hole in the end of the box for the marbles to come out. I shake the box. Alright, out comes a white pill. Now—" I continued, "can you tell ME of any SYSTEM in the world that will enable YOU to accurately guess whether the NEXT marble will be white or black . . . can you . . . ?"

"He shook his head smiling. 'Of course not,' was his ready answer. 'That's LUCK. That's why I'm here. To take my chances for or against luck. I only use my so-called system, because I can afford it, and it's never failed me yet.'

"Has it ever occurred to you," I went on "that these machines might be FIXED, and that LUCK has NOTHING to do with you winning? Have you ever thought that the people in this establishment are in it for the purpose of making easy money on people like you . . . ?"

"His mouth hardened, and he said to me grimly: 'If I ever found out such a thing, I think I'd tear this place apart. Fun is fun, but CROOKED fun—that's where the LAURIE in me comes out . . . !'

Nat relit his pipe. "Miles," he said, I had

him. Because I KNEW that these roulette wheels were as crooked as a corkscrew. Fortunately, no one in the room recognized me as I sauntered over to a gaming table with young Laurie at my side.

"Watch . . ." was all I said.

I put down money, and received my chips. I placed them in the order required for a bet, and saw the keen eyes of the croupier look over the board before the wheel was spun. The wheel turned. But as it turned, I noticed the croupiers leg push down on something, ever so subtly, for he had long years of training at it. The wheel slowed up, and finally stopped. I lost, and a big florid individual picked up the chips, and went to the cashier's window."

"I walked away from the table with Laurie, and nudged him. 'Watch,' I said. 'On the next turn of the wheel, or the one after that. Notice the croupier's right foot. He keeps it on one spot. I'm willing to stake my entire reputation as a detective that THAT wheel is CONTROLLED by some sort of mechanism that makes it stop where the croupier wants it to.'

"I'm watching," said Laurie.

Nat reached over, and poured two more glasses of sherry from his ornate decanter.

"Lamont watched," he said, "and SAW . . . and what went on in that Midnight Club is now a matter of police history. Laurie nearly became world champion at slugging. He was a big fellow anyway. By the time the police got there, the whole gambling crew were stretched all over the place, and an angered Laurie was smashing up the gambling equipment. Of course," Nat added with a smile, "I must confess I helped him a little, too. . . ."

"Did it cure him of gambling . . . ?" I asked Nat.

He nodded. "I'm quite sure it did," he answered. "Somehow he realized the folly of throwing his father's money away to a bunch of THIEVES, and the full realization of his wasted years seemed to dawn on him after his arrest and confinement in the city jail for a couple of nights, while I pulled wires to get him out. After all, he wasn't a BAD fellow — he was just someone who DIDN'T know . . . and that's what his father hired me for."

I started to light my pipe.

"It's funny, Nat," I philosophized. "Today, Lamont Laurie is one of the biggest stock manipulators on Wall Street. If THAT isn't gambling, I'd like to know what is."

Nat tapped my knee.

"My dear Miles," he said. "THAT is business. Whatever risks he takes now is done legitimately. Maybe he has a GAMBLING instinct. But what of it . . . ? When we cross a street loaded with automobiles, what's OUR odds in getting to the other side. But gambling with money in an effort to outwith such a fickle thing as fortune is a foolish thing."

I nodder. The more I analyzed what the great detective said, the more convinced I was that he was right.

JUGGERNAUT

IN THE LOGGING CAMPS OF THE NORTH WOODS, THERE IS A FAMILIAR CRY WHEN TROUBLE THREATENS!
"CALLING JUGGERNAUT!"
-IS THE SHOUT THAT BRINGS THE MIGHTY CHAMP-
ON OF JUSTICE, JUGGERNAUT, CRASHING INTO
ACTION!

BUT THAT IS IN THE NORTH WOODS. AND OUR STORY DEALS WITH ANOTHER PLACE, A REGION OF SHADOWS AND MYSTERY, OF STRANGE SIGHTS VIEWED BY FEW MEN...THE UNEXPLORED DEPTHS OF THE SEA! NOW DOES JUGGERNAUT FARE WHEN HE FACES THE NEW AND DEADLY PERIL OF: "DEATH BENEATH THE SEA!" ??



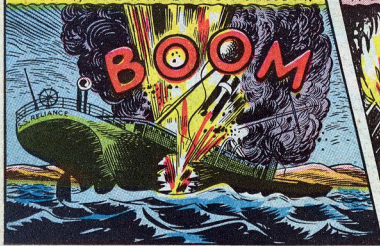
TOWARD A NORTHERN SEAPORT, STEAMS THE S.S. RELIANCE, CARRYING JUGGERNAUT HOME AGAIN...

I'VE BEEN AWAY TOO LONG! BUSINESS DEALINGS ARE NOT FOR ME!

THE MILLS COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER MAN TO GUARD THEIR GOLD!--IT'S SAFE IN YOUR HANDS, JUGGERNAUT!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION!



A LONE FIGURE LEAPS FOR LIFE--



LATER, JUGGERNAUT IS RESCUED BY A SMALL SAILING CRAFT THAT IS FIRST TO REACH THE SCENE--



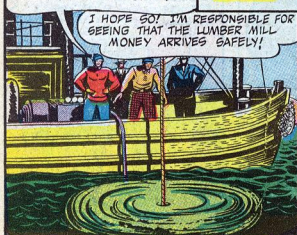
THERE GOES THE SHIP! IT'S CARRYING A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN LUMBER MILL RECEIPTS IN THE STRONG ROOM!



NEXT MORNING THE SALVAGE VESSEL IS ON THE SCENE--

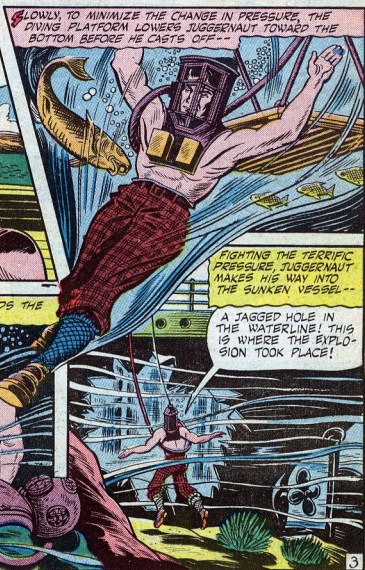
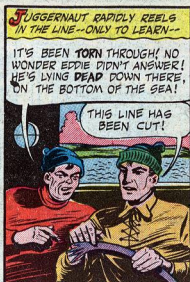


EDDIE'S THE BEST DIVER I EVER SAW! HE'LL BE IN THE STRONG ROOM IN A JIFFY!



SECONDS LATER TROUBLE STRIKES





THE AREA OF THE BLAST SHOWS THAT THE THING WHICH CAUSED THE EXPLOSION CAME FROM THE **OUTSIDE!** A TORPEDO MIGHT HAVE DONE IT-- BUT THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** NO ENEMY SUBS ARE IN THESE WATERS!



SEARCHING THROUGH THE WATER LOGGED CORRIDORS, JUGGERNAUT FINDS THE STRONG ROOM--

THE DOOR'S OPEN!



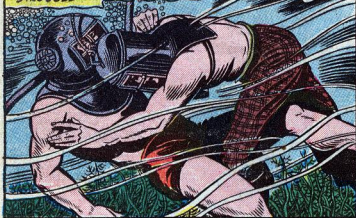
INSIDE THE STRONG ROOM, A HELMETED FIGURE LOOKS UP FROM RIFLING THE TREASURES OF THE LOST SHIP--

THERE'S THE MURDERER--HE KILLED OUR DIVER TO GET THE SALVAGE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF!



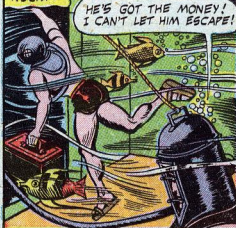
TWO HUNDRED FEET BENEATH THE SEA, IN THE STRONG ROOM OF A LOST SHIP TWO MEN LOCK IN A FANTASTIC SLOW MOTION STRUGGLE--

I CAN HARDLY MOVE! THE PRESSURE IS BEGINNING TO GET ME! BUT IT MUST BE JUST AS DIFFICULT FOR HIM!



ABRUPTLY JUGGERNAUT'S OPPONENT GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE AND SWIMS FOR THE ENTRANCE TO THE STRONG ROOM--

HE'S GOT THE MONEY! I CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF THE STRONG ROOM CLOSES IN JUGGERNAUT'S FACE!

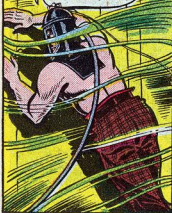


THIS IS A MESS---! THE DOOR CLOSED ON MY AIRLINE! I'M NOT GETTING ANY OXYGEN!



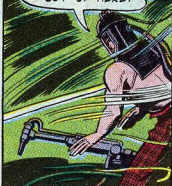
FRANTICALLY JUGGERNAUT EXERTS ALL HIS STRENGTH IN AN EFFORT TO UNHINGE THE DOOR

IT'S USELESS! IT'S MADE OF STEEL! I'M TRAPPED!



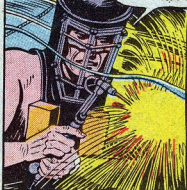
THEN A NEGLECTED OBJECT, LYING ON THE FLOOR DRAWS JUGGERNAUT'S ATTENTION--

AN ACETYLENE TORCH-- EQUIPPED FOR UNDERSEAS WORK! HE USED THIS TO CUT INTO THE STRONG BOXES! I'LL USE IT TO CUT OUT OF HERE!



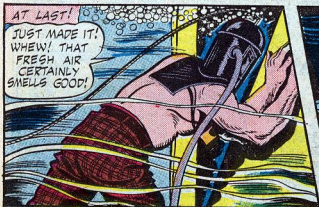
JUGGERNAUT BEGINS A RACE AGAINST TIME, WHILE SECONDS TICK AWAY THE PRECIOUS OXYGEN REMAINING IN HIS HELMET--

AIR IS... FOULED! I CAN'T LAST... MUCH... LONGER...



AT LAST!

JUST MADE IT! WHEW! THAT FRESH AIR CERTAINLY SMELLS GOOD!



I THINK THE SAME MAN WHO ATTACKED ME AND KILLED THE DIVER... ALSO SANK THIS SHIP! BUT I WONDER HOW HE DID IT!

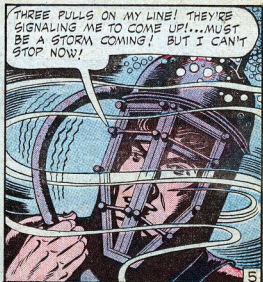


AS JUGGERNAUT FINDS THE ANSWER -- HE FEELS A SHARP TUG ON HIS AIR LINE--

THAT COMPLETES THE PUZZLE! HE'S GOT A ONE MAN SUB... HIS TORPEDO SANK THE SHIP AND HE RETURNED TO LOOT IT!... WHAT'S THAT?



THREE PULLS ON MY LINE! THEY'RE SIGNALING ME TO COME UP!...MUST BE A STORM COMING! BUT I CAN'T STOP NOW!



BUT THE DELAY ENABLES
JUGGERNAUT'S QUARRY TO
ESCAPE!



HE'S GETTING
AWAY! I'LL
NEVER CATCH
HIM!

AT THIS MOMENT ABOARD
THE SALVAGE SHIP--

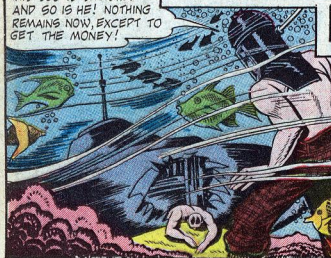
THE SQUALL'S COMING
FAST! DROP THE SEA
ANCHOR!



TEN TONS OF HEAVY SEA ANCHOR SMASH
DOWN ONTO THE ASCENDING SUB--



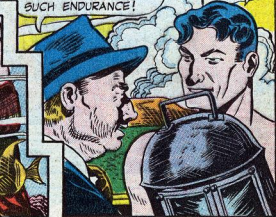
HIS SUB IS SMASHED--
AND SO IS HE! NOTHING
REMAINS NOW, EXCEPT TO
GET THE MONEY!



LATER--ABOARD THE SALVAGE VESSEL---

YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN
A PROFESSIONAL DIVER! I
NEVER SAW A MAN WITH
SUCH ENDURANCE!

I HAD A
JOB TO DO!



THIS MONEY PAYS THE WAGES OF
THE LOGGERS, AND THE MEN OF THE
NORTH WOODS! THEY DEPENDED ON ME
TO BRING IT BACK SAFE!



YOU CERTAINLY DID! AND INCIDENT-
ALLY, SAW TO IT THAT A MURDER-
OUS SHIPWRECKER GOT WHAT
HE DESERVED!!

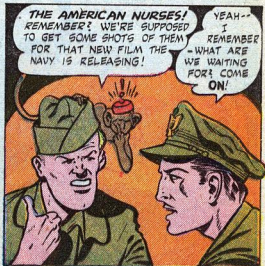
I'D SAY YOU DID ALL RIGHT FOR A MAN WHO WAS
OUT OF HIS NATURAL ELEMENT! I PITY ANYONE WHO
TRIES TO PULL A CROOKED DEAL IN YOUR NECK OF
THE WOODS...EVEN IF THE WOODS ARE UNDER WATER!

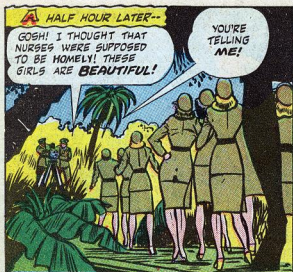


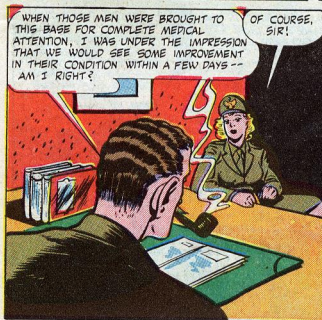
FOLLOW JUGGERNAUT THROUGH
ANOTHER UNUSUAL ADVENT-
URE IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
**TERRIFIC
COMICS--**

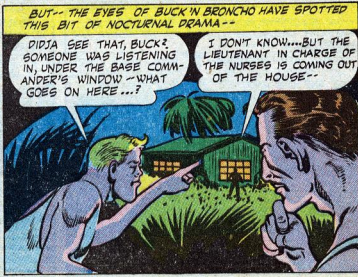


ACTION IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!!! AND OUR TWO GALLANT FIGHTING SONS OF THE CINEMA ARE ALWAYS WHERE THE ACTION IS ROUGHEST! ---LET'S FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF BUCK 'N BRONCHO AS THEY COME UPON A MOST UNUSUAL MYSTERY, WHEN "TREACHERY STALKS IN THE TROPICS!"









THE NIGHT GOES BY-- BUT A REST-
LESS BUCK 'N BRONCHO FIND IT
HARD TO SLEEP--

BUT MAYBE THE
COMMANDER IS
WRONG! AFTER
ALL, THESE MEN
ARE SICK.... THERE'S
NO WAY OF TELLING
JUST **HOW GOOD**
THEY'VE IMPROVED!

YOUR WRONG,
BRONC-- COMM-
ANDER BIERSON
IS TOO EXPER-
IENCED IN THIS
WORK TO BE
SCARED BY A
FALSE ALARM--
SOMETHING IS
GOING ON HERE
THAT'S **WRONG!**

SUDDENLY--

BUCK-- BRONCHO!!
THANK HEAVENS--
YOU'RE **UP!**

MUH?

WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
GIRLS? GEE
WHIZ! YOU
LOOK **SCARED!**

YOU WOULD TOO--IF YOU
SAW WHAT WE SAW--

OUR LIEUTEN-
ANT HAS BEEN
MURDERED!

**MUR-
DERED?**
ARE YOU
KIDDING?

NO--IT'S THE
TRUTH!... WE
CAME TO TELL
YOU FIRST--
YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO--

HER BODY IS
LYING BESIDE
OUR BARRACKS--
WITH A KNIFE
IN HER BACK--

WOW!
THIS IS
SOMETHING!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

WHOEVER MURDERED
HER WANTED HER OUT
OF THE WAY BECAUSE
SHE KNEW SOME-
THING ABOUT
THEM--!

MAYBE THIS TIES IN
WITH THAT PERSON
WHO WAS
LISTENING
UNDER THE
COMMANDER'S
WINDOW--

THE COM-
MANDER
SHOULD BE
NOTIFIED
AT ONCE--

**TWENTY MINUTES LATER, IN THE
COMMANDER'S OFFICE--**

THIS CLINCHES
IT--NOW I'M POS-
ITIVE THAT SOME-
ONE IS TRYING TO
KILL THESE WOUNDED
SOLDIERS-- GOOD
HEAVENS!!

THAT'S THE
DIRTIEST TRICK
I EVER HEARD
OF-- ONLY A
JAP WOULD
DO THAT!!

**OUTSIDE OF THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE, BRONC TURNS
TO HIS PAL, WITH THAT WELL KNOWN GLEAM IN HIS EYE--**

BUCK-- I GOTTA HUNCH--
IT MIGHT BE A CRAZY ONE,
BUT I'M GONNA FOLLOW IT
THROUGH ALONE--

YOU MEAN YOU KNOW
SOMETHING THAT YOU
DIDN'T TELL ME??



NO--IT AIN'T THAT--
IT'S A HUNCH--
THAT'S ALL-- I'LL
SEE YOU IN OUR
QUARTERS IN
ABOUT HALF
AN HOUR--

I WON'T BE
THERE-- I'LL
BE OVER AT
COMMANDER
BIERSON'S
QUARTERS--



TWENTY MINUTES LATER--
I'LL LAUNCH
AN INVESTI-
GATION BEGIN-
NING RIGHT
NOW--!

THIS IS A TERRI-
BLE CATASTROPHE--
RIGHT UNDER OUR
OWN NOSES!

BRONC
SAYS
THAT HE--



I GOT THE MURDERESS....
SHE'S ON HER WAY DOWN
HERE NOW--

SHE--!! ARE
YOU CRAZY--?

WHAT
GOES ON
HERE, ANY-
WAY?



YOU'LL SEE--
WAIT-- HERE SHE
COMES NOW....

BUT-
BUT-



YOU SENT FOR
ME, SIR?

SIT DOWN,
BABY--THIS
SHOW IS
FOR
YOU!

I-I-I--?

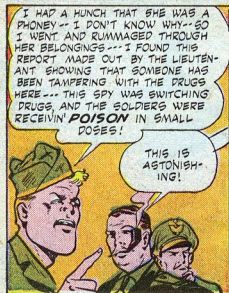


SHE'S THE
MURDERESS!!
SHE AIN'T
CHINESE-- SHE'S
A JAP!

YOU'RE
OUT OF
YOUR
MIND!!!

WHAT?

A
JAP!



I HAD A HUNCH THAT SHE WAS A
PHONEY-- I DON'T KNOW WHY-- SO
I WENT AND RUMMAGED THROUGH
HER BELONGINGS--- I FOUND THIS
REPORT MADE OUT BY THE LIEUTEN-
ANT SHOWING THAT SOMEONE HAS
BEEN TAMPERING WITH THE DRUGS
HERE--- THIS SPY WAS SWITCHING
DRUGS, AND THE SOLDIERS WERE
RECEIVIN' POISON IN SMALL
DOSES!

THIS IS
ASTONISH-
ING!



THE FOLLOWING DAY--

THEY'RE
GOING TO
EXECUTE
HER
TODAY!

I DON'T FEEL
SORRY... IF BRONCHO
HADN'T PLAYED HIS
HUNCH SHE MIGHT
HAVE KILLED HUNDREDS
OF SOLDIERS--

THAT'S WAR---AND
THE SOONER THOSE
NIPS REALIZE WE'RE
WISE TO THEIR
STUNTS-- THE SOONER
IT WILL END!

SQUEEK
SQUEEK

DO YOUR PART FOR A
QUICK VICTORY--INVEST
IN UNITED STATES
WAR BONDS!!!

TERRIFIC COMICS

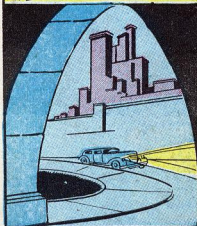
The RECKONER and CHIPPER

▲ MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE IN AN AMAZING PART OF TOWN—AND A MAN SPEAKS FROM THE DEAD TO HAVE HIS PLANS CARRIED OUT... HERE WAS A SITUATION THAT NEEDED RECKONING AND THE SOONER THE BETTER... FOLLOW THE RECKNER AND CHIPPER AS THEY CARRY THE GOLDEN SCALES OF JUSTICE INTO THE UNDERWORLD, AND LEARN ABOUT--
"THE CRIMES THAT CAME FROM THE GRAVE"



BUY WAR BONDS AND BYE-BYE HITLER.

NIGHT IN A GREAT METROPOLIS, AND A SLEEK TAXICAB CRUISES AROUND THE TOWN--



AND IN IT, ARE MICHAEL SHAWN, BETTER KNOWN AS "THE RECKONER," AND THE BOY "CHIPPER"

THINK ANYTHING'LL HAPPEN, MIKE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I SEE A FARE--



TAXI-I-I!

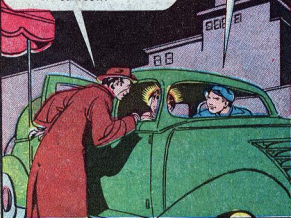
YEP, MIKE-- UPTOWN SOCIETY FOLKS!



A FEW SECONDS LATER--

ROW STREET AND CORNER OF BEACON!

YES, SIR--



SUPPENLY--

AW RIGHT GET 'EM, GUYS!!

SAY!! WHAT'S THIS?

LOOK OUT, MISTER!



DIS IS A STICK-UP--ONLY WE DON'T USE GUNS!

WCH!

EE-E-EKK



AS QUICK AS A FLASH, OUR TWO CRUISING FRIENDS SWING INTO ACTION--

WE GOTTA BREAK THIS UP FAST, MIKE--

YES I KNOW-- AS--

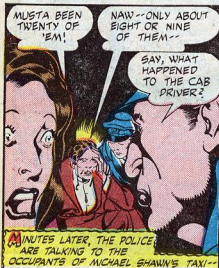
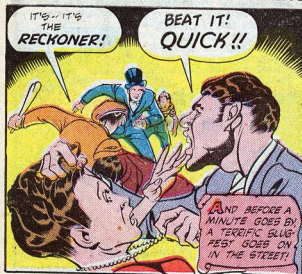


--THE RECKONER!

--AND CHIPPER!



TERRIFIC COMICS



DO YOUR PART FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT!



HOW DARE YOU QUESTION RONNIE RUMBLE? YOU FILTHY HOODLUMS!! GUTTER SNIPES!! HAVE I EVER TRIED TO DOUBLCROSS YOU??

A/E-E-E!



--AND IF ANY OF YOU OTHERS WANNA QUESTION ME-- GO AHEAD! WE CAN STRAIGHTEN THIS UP RIGHT NOW-- I CAN HAVE YOU ALL SENT TO REFORM SCHOOL-- I'LL GIVE YA NO MORE OR NO LESS THAN WHAT THE STUFF'S WORTH 'N I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR AT THAT!



THAT EVENING --

I SPOKE TO MY PAL, INSPECTOR BUCHMANCHIPPER--HE SAID IT'S THE WORK OF AN ORGANIZED MOB--BUT THE POLICE ARE UNABLE TO LOCATE IT.

MIGHT AS WELL MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE-- THAT FARE IS CHINESE, MIKE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER--

33 1/4 WHARTON ST., HURRY, PLEASE--

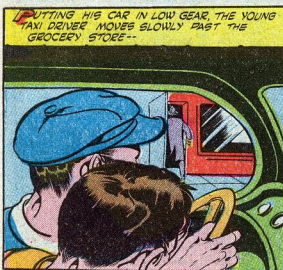
RIGHT-O!



TEN MINUTES LATER--

THANKS -- THANKS A LOT, MISTER -- GOOD NIGHT!

GOODNIGHT--



PUTTING HIS CAR IN LOW GEAR, THE YOUNG TAXI DRIVER MOVES SLOWLY PAST THE GROCERY STORE--



LATER--A LITTLE FARTHER DOWN THE BLOCK--

WHY DID YOU DO THAT?

THAT WAS LI HWONG, ONE OF THE BIGGEST BUYERS OF STOLEN GOODS IN THE CITY-- WHARTON STREET RUNS THROUGH CHINATOWN--BUT WHY DID HE GO INTO A GROCERY STORE? LET'S WAIT AND SEE--

TERRIFIC COMICS



HE COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED!

YES, SO I NOTICED--I'LL BET THAT STORE IS A BLIND FOR SOMETHING--WE'RE GOING TO **WORK**, CHIPPER!



WE'LL CUT A WIDE PATH AROUND THE PLACE AND GO IN THROUGH THE BACK!

OKAY, RECKONER, I'M WITH YOU!

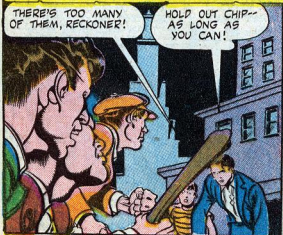


LOOK--ONE OF DEM SOCIETY GUYS AND A KID-- THIS'LL BE A CINCH!

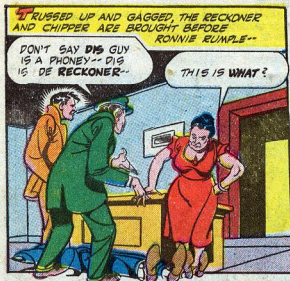
YEAH--LET'S GIVE 'EM DE OLD FLYING TACKLE, BIZ! C'MON!



FOR MINUTES THE BATTLE GOES ON, BUT SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS OVERWHELMS OUR FRIENDS--



THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, YOU LEND YOUR MONEY!



TERRIFIC COMICS

--THE DAY HE WAS ELECTROCUTED FOR THE MURDER OF TOMMY KRASKIN, THE BOOTLEG KING-- I WAS THE LAST VISITOR IN HIS CELL--

THEY ALLOW A CONDEMNED MAN TO BE ALONE WITH HIS WIFE, AND, IRENE, I HAVE A LOT TO TELL YOU!

I'M NOT GOING TO CRY-- YOU TAUGHT ME TO BE BRAVE!

--HE PRODUCED A BOOK OF CAREFULLY WRITTEN NOTES AND GAVE IT TO ME--

ONLY DON'T LET DOUBLCROSSERS LIKE KRASKIN GET IN YOUR WAY-- HERE, IRENE, IN THIS BOOK YOU'LL FIND ALL THE DOPE NECESSARY TO MAKE AND LEAD A SMART MOB-- MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

DO YOU BELIEVE YOURSELF SUCCESSFUL, EH--?

SUCCESSFUL--? OF COURSE! I TRAIN 'EM WHEN THEY'RE YOUNG! I CAN EASILY

PICK THE PROMISING KIDS-- I ORGANIZED THESE HOODLUMS-- TAKE ALL THE STUFF THEY SNATCH--

--AND MY GOOD FRIEND, LI HWONG HERE BUYS UP THE STUFF-- AND THOSE YOUNG PUNKS WOULDN'T DARE SQUEAL--

QUITE A CLEVER WOMAN, EH, RECKONER?

I DON'T THINK SO!

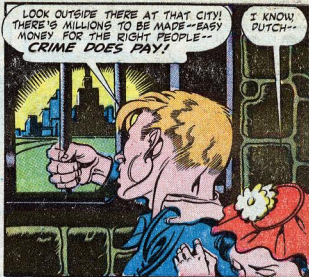
COME ON, RONNIE-- LET US DISPOSE OF THESE TWO CREATURES IN SOME NOVEL FASHION-- HOW ABOUT THE CAGE OF THE RATS?

THE CAGE OF THE RATS! OF COURSE!! PUTCH WOULD BE PROUD OF ME-- IF HE WERE ONLY ALIVE NOW--

MINUTES LATER-- A STRANGE PROCESSION MOVES THROUGH THE MYSTERIOUS ALLEY--

MY HUSBAND'S IDEA-- A CAGE OF RATS-- ONCE A HUMAN IS DROPPED IN THERE-- THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF HIM IN A FEW MINUTES--

HE-HE-HE-- IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO WATCH--



LICK THE AXIS WITH A WAR STAMP.

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, THE RECKONER AND CHIPPER LOOK DOWN ON A SCENE THAT GIVES THEM COLD CHILLS!

GET OUTSIDE, ALL OF YOU! WHEN YOU'RE A LITTLE OLDER YOU MAY SEE THIS!

UGH! LOOK AT 'EM, RECKONER!

YEAH-- THIS IS NO JOKE, CHIPPER!



FREED OF THEIR BONDS, THE FIGHTING DUO REALIZE THEY ARE ON THE BRINK OF TWO KINDS OF DEATH--

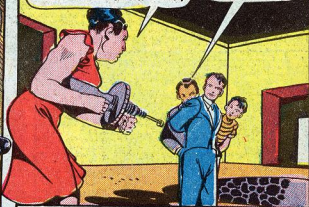
FIRST I'M GOING TO SHOOT AT YOUR LEGS-- AND YOU'LL TOPPLE IN WITH THOSE VERMIN-- IN ONE HOUR THE RECKONER WILL HAVE BECOME A LEGEND--

YOU THINK SO--?



UNTIL THEM, LI-- I'VE GOT 'EM CORNERED-- I WANT TO SEE 'EM THRASHING AND SCREAMING DOWN THERE WITH THOSE HUNGRY RATS!

SHOOT THEM DOWN IF THEY TRY TO ESCAPE!



IF I'M GOING TO DIE, IT'LL BE FROM HUMAN RATS!

AGH-R-R-H-H!

AIE-E-E-E



THEY BOTH LOOK DOWN AT THE GHASTLY SIGHT IN THE PIT--

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A SIGHT!

THAT WOMAN! SHE GOT AWAY!



-- YES, SHE GOT AWAY, ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT VERY FAR, FOR A HOODLUM WITH A GUN IS VERY BEAVE, AS LONG AS HE CAN SHOOT SOMEONE IN THE BACK--

MAKE A MONKEY OUTA ME IN FRONT OF EVERYONE-- WILL YA--?

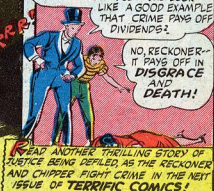
AGH-R-R-H-H!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER--

SHE HAD HER DAY OF RECKONING! KILLED BY ONE OF HER OWN MOB! JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE, AND THE SCALES ARE BALANCED! LOOK AT HER-- DOES SHE LOOK LIKE A GOOD EXAMPLE THAT CRIME PAYS OFF DIVIDENDS?

NO, RECKONER-- IT PAYS OFF IN DISGRACE AND DEATH!



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